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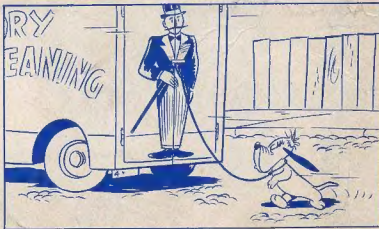
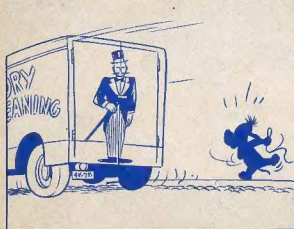
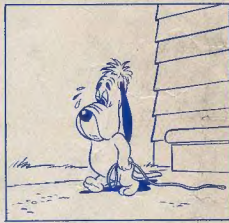
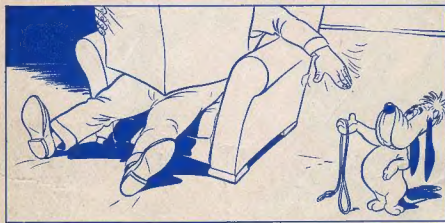
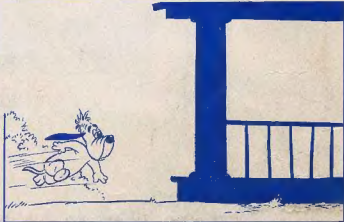
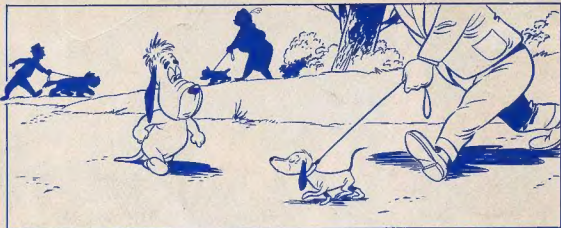


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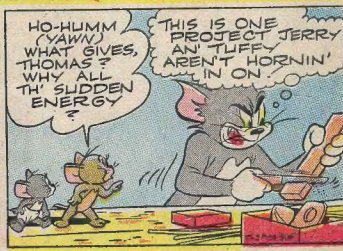
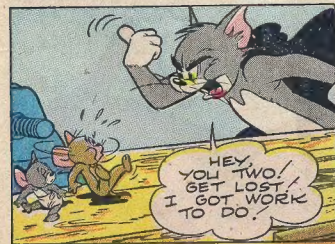
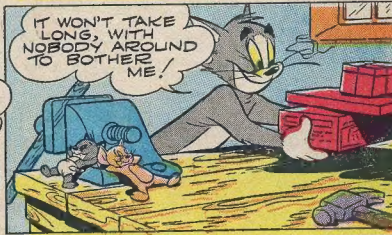
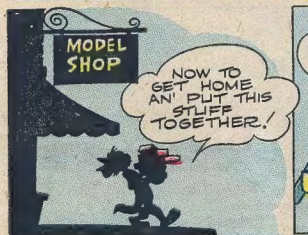
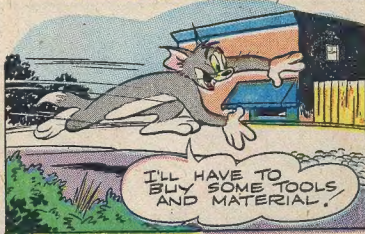
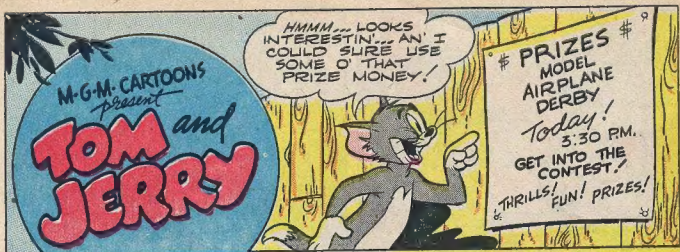
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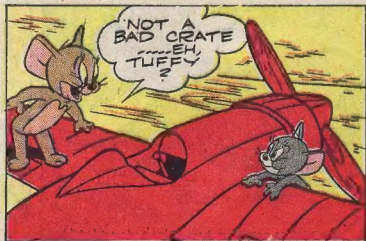
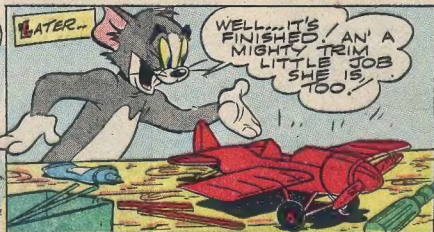
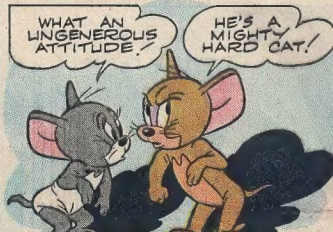
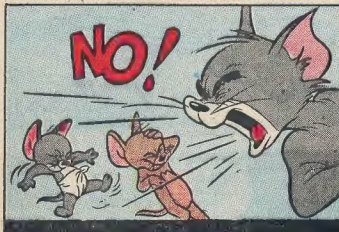
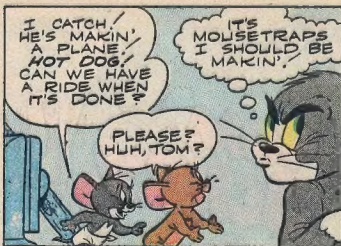


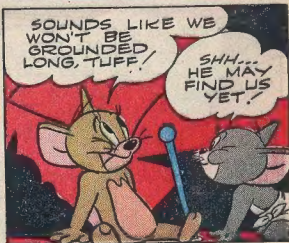
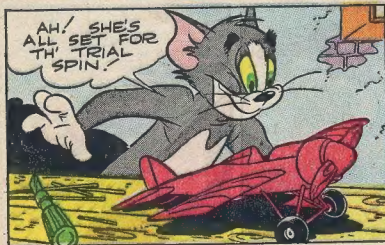
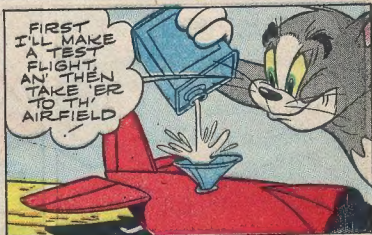
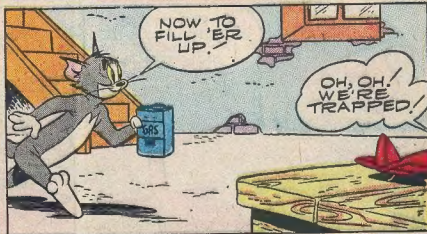
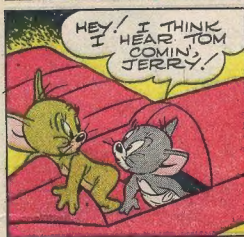
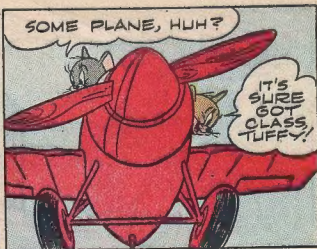
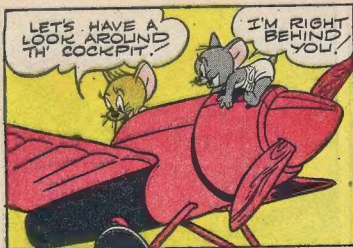
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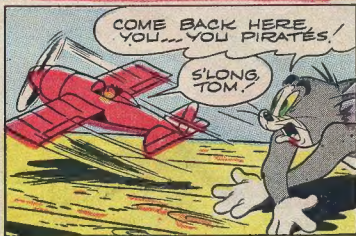
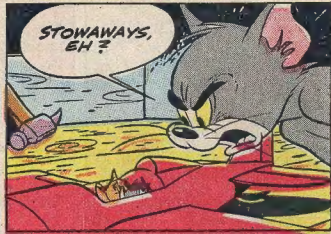
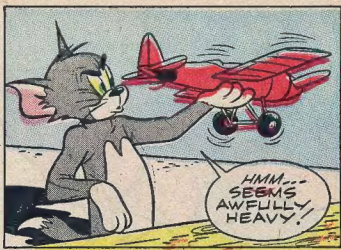
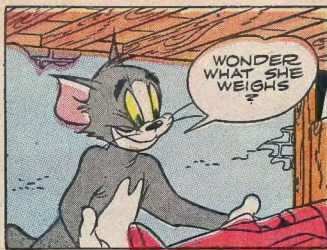


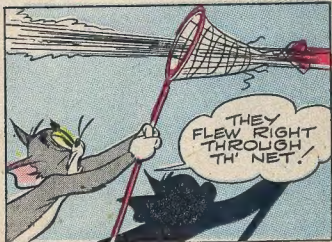
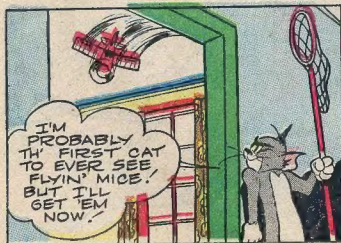
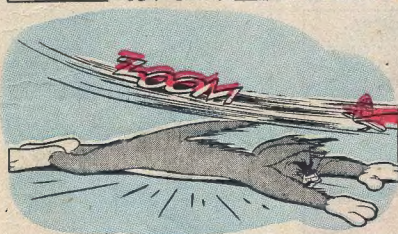
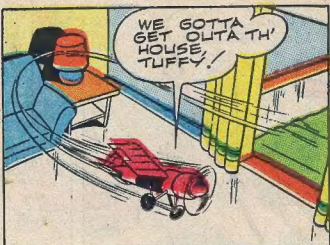
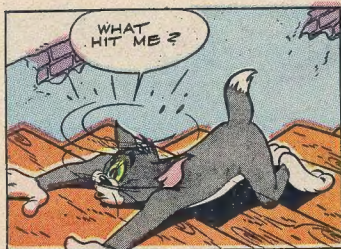
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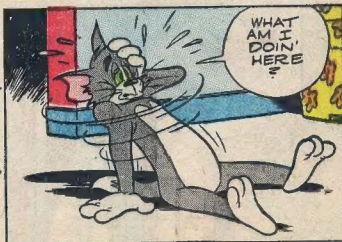
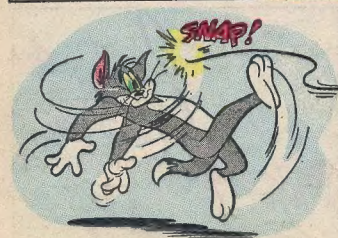
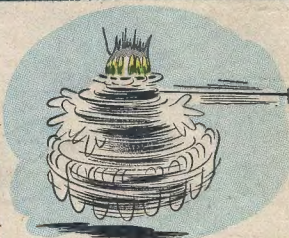
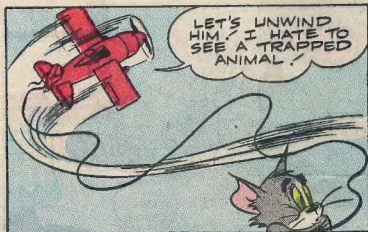
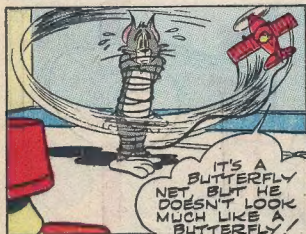
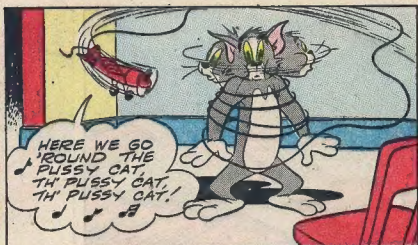
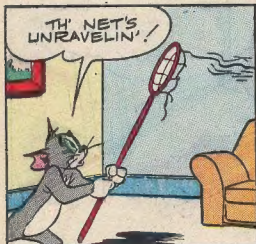


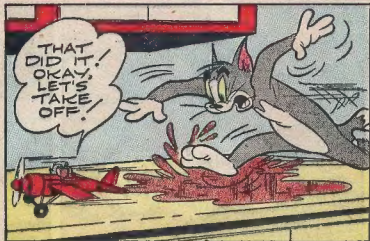
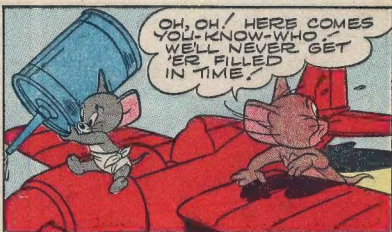
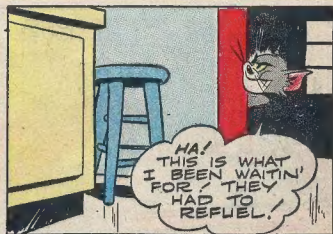
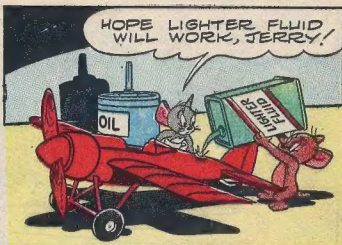


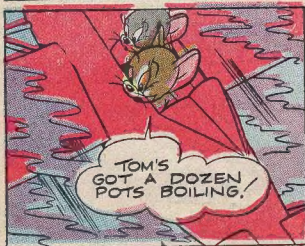
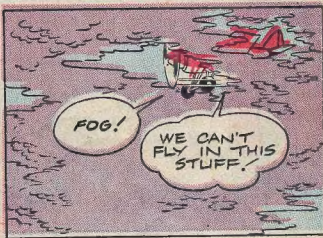
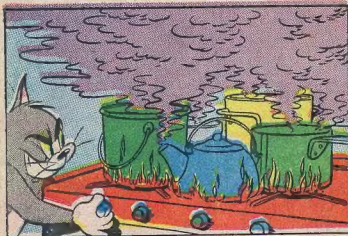
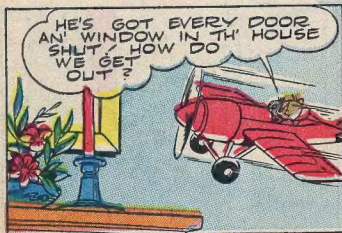
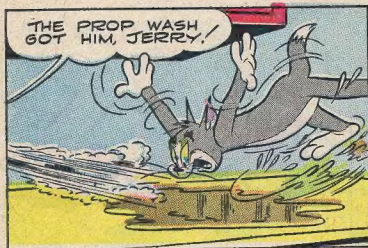


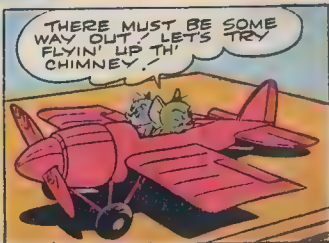
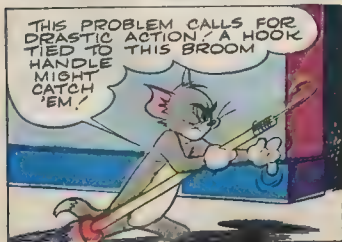
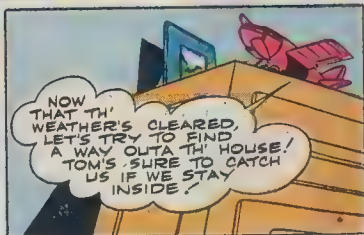
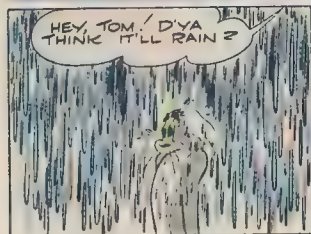
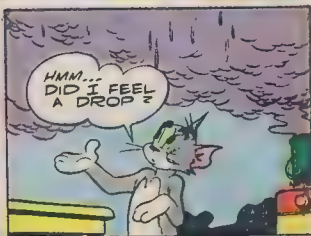
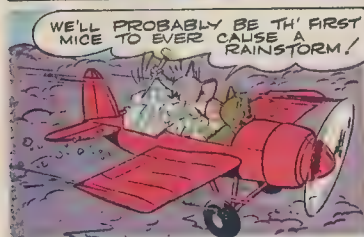
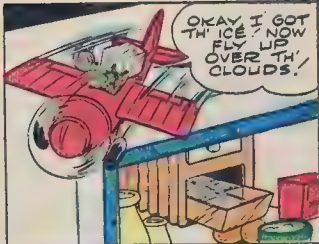
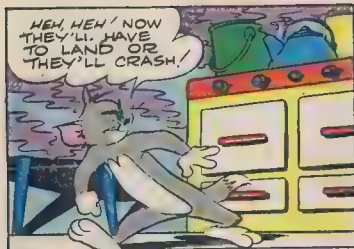


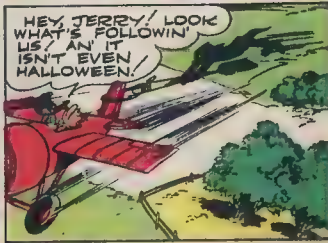
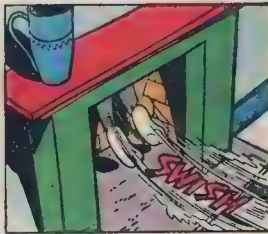
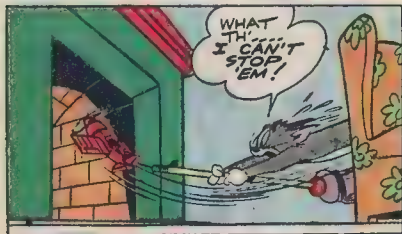
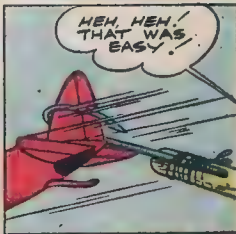
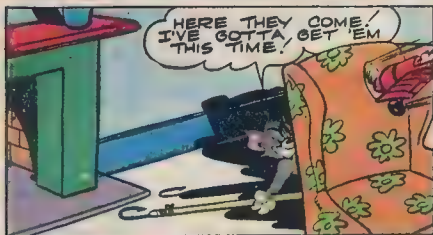
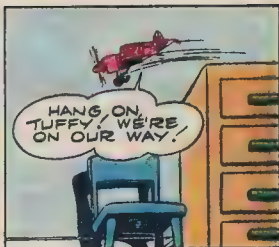
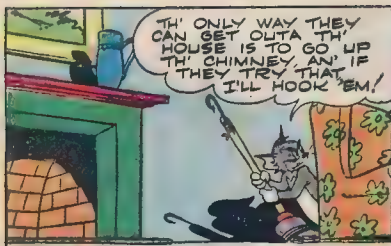


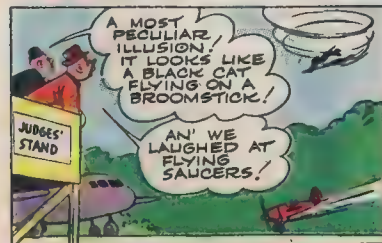
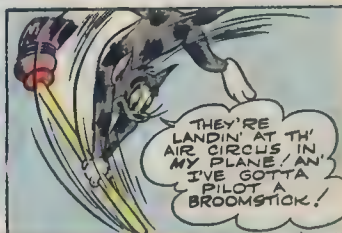
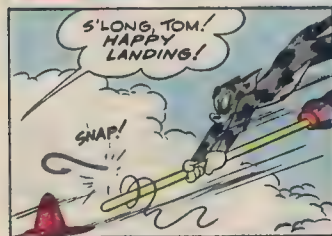
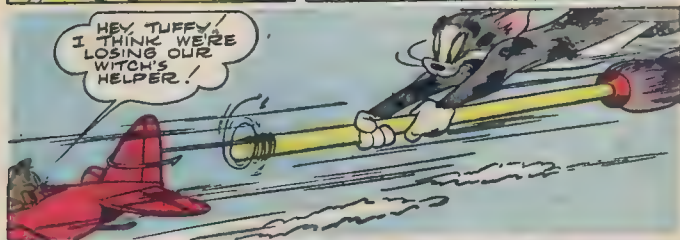
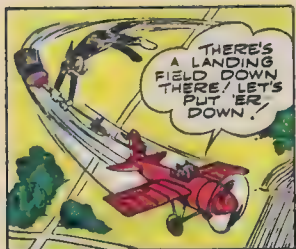


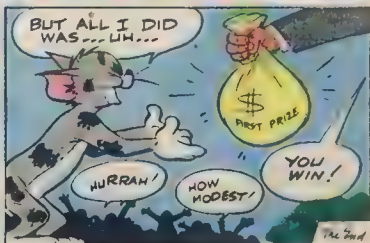
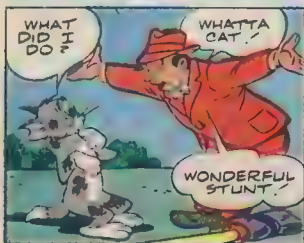
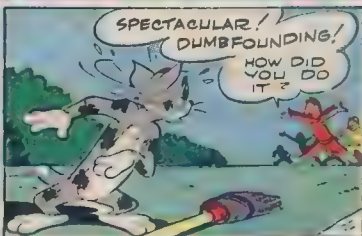
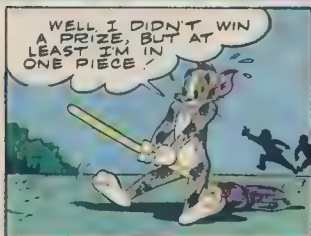
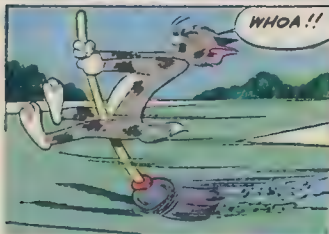
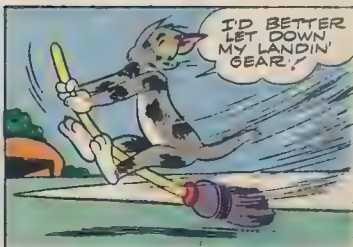


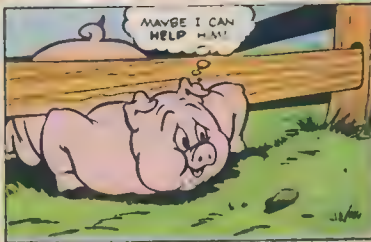
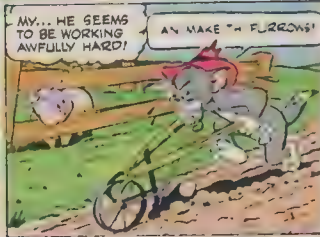
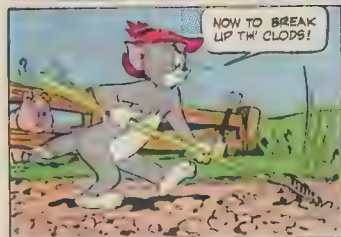
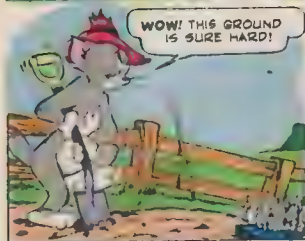


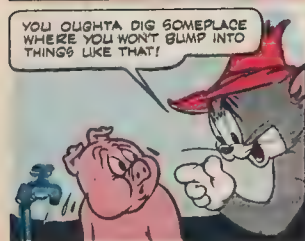
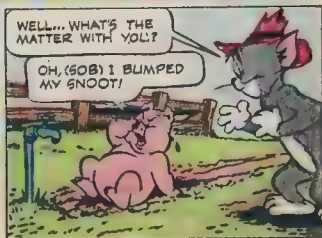
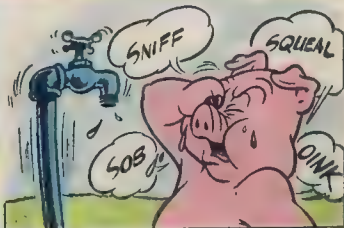
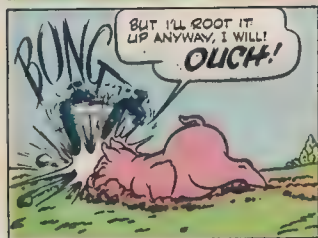
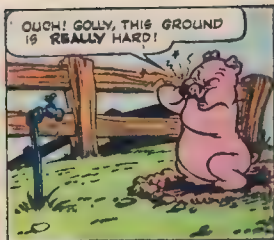
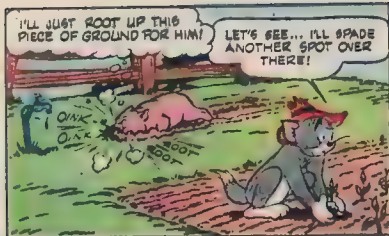


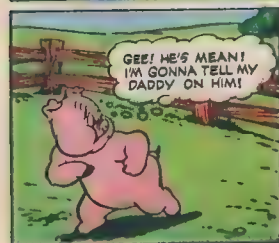
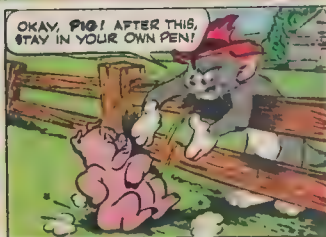
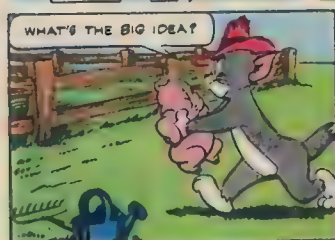
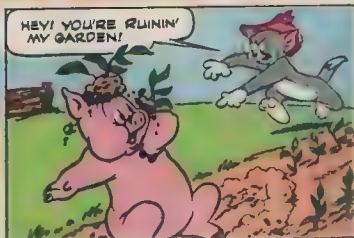
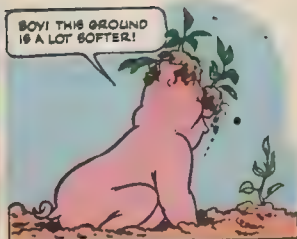


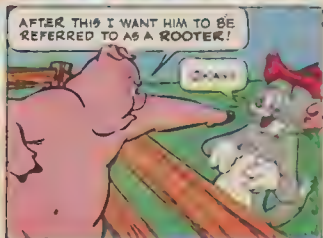
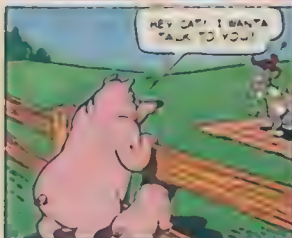


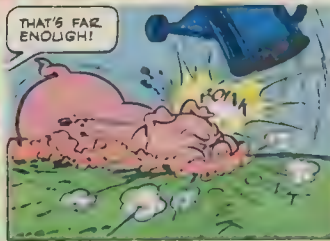
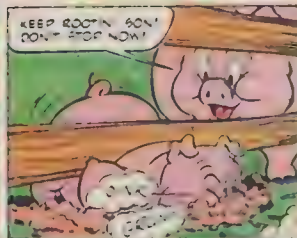
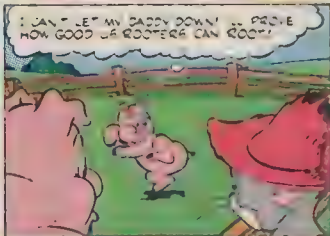
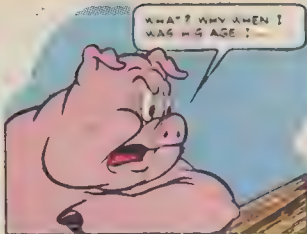
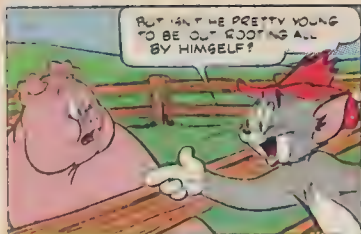


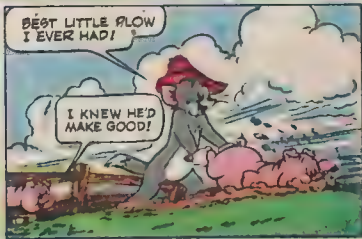
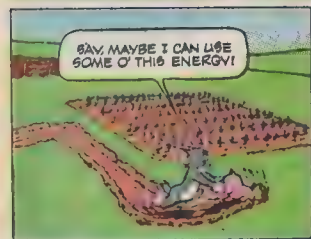
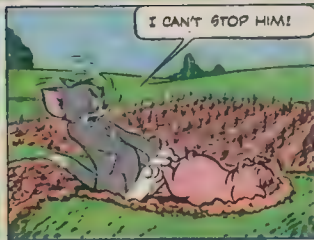
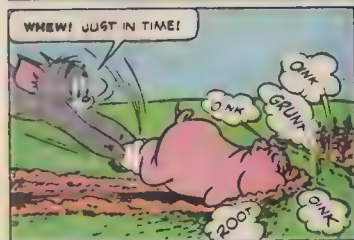
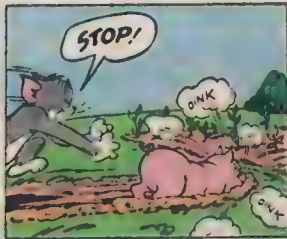
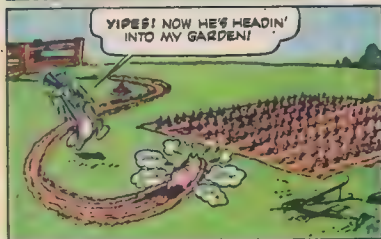


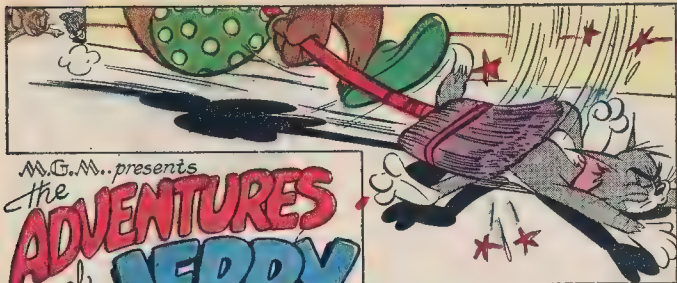












M.G.M. presents
the
ADVENTURES
of
JERRY

"Gosh, Tuffy," Jerry sighed, "I'd sure love to take a trip! This place is beginning to get on my nerves. We can't take a step without that nosy old Tom trailing us, and I'm getting sick of the same food day in, day out...."

While the two small mice were cleaning up the crumbs in the cake box, they had to take turns eating and watching for Tom, the house cat. Tuffy stuffed a good sized crumb of fudge frosting into his mouth, cleaned off his whiskers, and looked at his dissatisfied pal. "... I don't know, Jerry!" he protested. "The food here seems fine to me ... and even with running from Tom, I haven't noticed us losing any weight!"

The two little fellows hopped down from the cake box and were about to make their way back to their apartment near the hall stairs, when ... "MEEEOWWWWwww!!" ... sounded loudly at the far end of the room!

"That confounded Tom!" groaned Tuffy, leaping into the waste basket. Jerry followed him, and for almost ten minutes, the mice crouched silently in the midst of torn wrapping paper, string, and odds and ends of discarded mail.

Suddenly, Jerry poked Tuffy. "Look what it says!" he whispered, pointing to the writing on the back of a picture post card.

Tuffy read, "... You've never tasted such food! ... The golf and tennis are wonderful. This place is out of this world. ..."

Very quietly, Jerry turned the card over, and the two pals gazed, enraptured, at the lovely rambling hotel with the country setting.

"No sense dreaming about it!" observed Tuffy. "We have a hard enough time getting to places right around here, without trying for one that's 'out of this world' entirely!"

"Shhhh!" exclaimed Jerry. "Tom is coming this way! He must suspect something!"

"Where'll we hide?!" gasped Tuffy, and then he noticed the bottom section of a small square box. With Jerry's help, he lifted it up and turned it upside down over their heads.

Tom sniffed suspiciously at the basket and then looked inside. "I just know they're in there!" he purred delightedly and, with a flick of his paw, over went the container, spilling its contents on the clean floor!!! ...

"Oh! You bad cat!!!" screamed Cook's outraged voice. "Scat! ... Get out of here! Scat!"

Jerry and Tuffy, who were still safely hidden under the box, shook with laughter at the unmistakable sounds of Tom on the wrong side of a broom. "Guess that's got him purring on the other side of his face!" giggled Tuffy. "Come on, Jerry, let's get going before we get swept up in all the excitement!"

But Jerry was thoughtfully gathering up a few odds and ends from the small heap of trash—a length of string, a square of wrapping paper, and a section of the post card which he had torn off. He rapidly stuffed these things into the box.

"Quick, Tuffy! Grab hold of this thing and help me pull it to the hall closet!" he commanded. "It's too large to get into our room, but we can hide it beneath the umbrella rack in the closet."

The little fellows managed to pull their box out of the kitchen just in time to avoid being seen . . .

"I'll help you get this thing to the closet," agreed the puzzled Tuffy, "but, Jerry, whatever do you intend to do with it?"

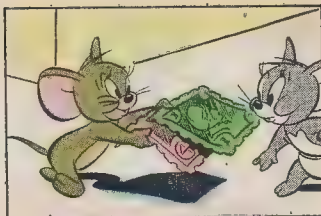
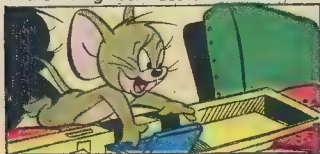
"Tuffy, you and I are going to take a trip!" replied Jerry, and he disappeared through the entrance of his little mouse apartment, leaving Tuffy guarding the box and wondering if his pal had suddenly gone daffy.

A second later Jerry joined him, carrying two of his most priceless possessions, a scented sachet bag—which would make a perfect bed, and his travelling case—which still smelled strongly of pipe tobacco!

"There!" he piped cheerfully. "Now all we have to do is fill this pouch with food . . . and we're off!!"

Tuffy gave Jerry a long worried look. "You sound like you're off already, Jerry . . . slightly off the deep end!"

Jerry didn't answer. He just smiled and began pushing the box the few added feet to the closet hiding place. "Now, you just stay here, Tuffy, while I get our tickets!" he remarked, and off he went again, this time to forage in the living room desk.



In the meantime, Tuffy was getting more and more confused and impatient. "If he thinks I'm going to wander around the country carrying a box five times as big as we are, he's mistaken . . ." he grumbled to himself.

"Don't be silly!" interrupted Jerry, who got back just in time to hear Tuffy's comment. "We're not going to CARRY IT! It's going to carry US! . . . See, Tuffy, here are our tickets!"

Jerry showed Tuffy some postage stamps he had found in the desk. Then, he wrapped up the box section and tied a string around it. While Tuffy watched and rubbed his chin in a skeptical fashion, Jerry placed the stamps securely on the side of the package. Under them, he neatly pasted the hotel address that he had torn from the post card. Then, Jerry stood back and clapped his hands with satisfaction.

"Now!" Jerry stated. "With a little luck, and some help from that lazy Tom, we're going to get mailed!"

"Just be sure we don't get 'nailed'!" squeaked Tuffy. "Tom's needed a manicure for years!"

"Shhh!" cautioned Jerry. "Here comes Cook now to watch for the postman. Follow me! I'm going to squeeze into the box through the place where the paper overlaps."

It was an easy matter to wiggle through the loose wrapping. Then, Jerry yelled, "Hey, TOM!!" . . .

The surprised cat bounded into the foyer. He stared uncertainly at the small parcel. His long acquaintance with Jerry and Tuffy had taught Tom to look before he leapt.



"Hi, Tom!" sang Jerry sweetly. "After what happened to you in the kitchen, Tuffy and I figured you might not like all your mice in one BASKET again, so we're using a box!"

This was too much for the cat! Tom crouched, and then, throwing caution to the wind . . . he pounced!!

"Scat!!" shouted the vexed-voice of the long suffering Cook. "You foolish cat, thinking a package is a mouse! Go along with you! Scat!"

The Cook picked up the small parcel and said to herself, "One of the children must have meant this to go off in the morning's mail. I'll just tie an extra bit of string around it, and give it to the mailman."

You can imagine the relief of the tiny travellers, when they were finally on the first lap of their journey. Cook had tied them up securely and given them to the letter carrier. When they were safely tucked inside the leather mail bag, Jerry sighed, "Whew . . . I guess we can relax now! We're on our way!"

Lulled into a drowsy state by the swaying gait of the postman, it wasn't long before both tiny adventurers were sound asleep. They rested, secure in the knowledge that the United States Mail goes through.

But, their sleep was to be rudely disturbed.

They would go through all right . . . but what they went through was as restful as shooting the Grand Rapids in a barrel!

BANG!! Tuffy clutched Jerry!
WHAMM! BIFF!! BANGGG!!

Huddled inside their box, the little mice thought they'd been caught in an avalanche! If they could have seen out, they would have discovered that they were being tossed down a huge mail-chute in the Post Office, and were sliding and banging to the bottom with hundreds of other parcels!

OOOF! They hit the floor, and then for a while things were quiet.

"Uh, Oh!" breathed Tuffy. "Here we go again!"

They felt themselves lifted through the air and set down. "Gosh, I'm cramped!" groaned Tuffy, as he stood up as high as he could and tried to stretch. BANG!! Something hit the top of the box and Tuffy sat down hard!

"They must have just stamped us!" Jerry told him.

"No 'us' about it!" cried Tuffy. "The only one that got stamped on, was me!"

Soon, they felt the box being tossed about again. "I'm hungry, and we can't even hang on to anything long enough to nibble on it!" complained Tuffy.

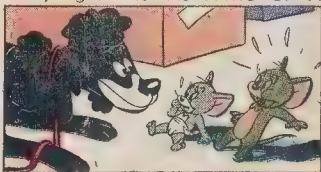
Jerry rummaged around in the bag of provisions, and then draped something around Tuffy's neck. "See, Tuffy, I always told you the holes in Swiss cheese must be good for something!"

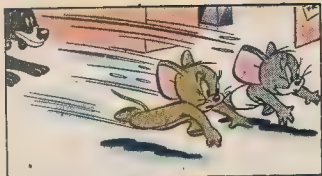
After the little fellows had completely eaten away their cheese necklaces, they again fell asleep. The next time they awakened, it was to the clickety-clack-clack rhythm of a moving train.

"Ohhh, I'm so stiff!" groaned Tuffy. "Jerry, can't we just sneak out for a little exercise?"

Jerry poked his head through a tear in the wrapping. "I guess it's O.K., Tuffy! Come on! We're in the baggage car!"

Tuffy followed Jerry and they were just about to take a brisk walk around the swaying car, when the train gave a sudden lurch. They slid across the floor, right into the PAWS OF A





LARGE BLACK DOG!!!
 "WOOF!" barked the animal.
 "Parlez-vous francais?"

Jerry and Tuffy turned like a shot and rushed for their package! "Some 'baggage'!" shrieked Tuffy.

When they reached their box and noticed they weren't being pursued, Jerry turned around. "Why, he's a French Poodle, and he's tied!" he exclaimed.

"Mais oui, but of course," answered the dog gravely. "You see, I'm very valuable. My pedigree is excellent . . . Even so, they will not allow me to ride with my mistress inside! It is so silly. I share the suites with mademoiselle at the finest hotels! At this moment they are making special preparations for my arrival at the Royal Bimberry House!"

"Is that so?" exclaimed Tuffy. "Jerry and I prefer the Cheery Neverlands. We have reservations there!" Then, he whispered to Jerry, "No dog is going to outdo us at this 'putting on the dog' stuff!"

The poodle was gazing at them with a puzzled expression. "The Cheery Neverlands? Why, haven't you heard? It's been taken over by the University. There's no such place any more!"

Just then, the train came to a sudden stop and Jerry and Tuffy hopped back into the box. They heard the mistress of the French Poodle come to claim him and they realized that they had arrived at the town where the Cheery Neverlands USED TO BE.

In another hour, they had arrived at the local post office. It was dark and there were only a few mail clerks sorting out the letters. All the parcels were in canvas bags, and they would

be gone over last.

Jerry and Tuffy were very worried. What would happen to them in this strange town, so far away from home?

"Jerry, you know . . . I kinda miss our own place," admitted Tuffy.

"Y-yyyes," sighed Jerry. "Right now . . . even Tom would look good!"

"That settles it!" cried Tuffy. "We're going home! . . . Only this time, I'm making the arrangements!" He hopped out of the box and ran into the dark recesses of the post office.

A few minutes later, Tuffy reappeared, triumphantly waving some stamps, a pencil, new paper and string. "Now, we'll get back in a hurry!" he exclaimed.

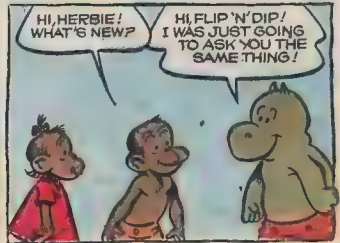
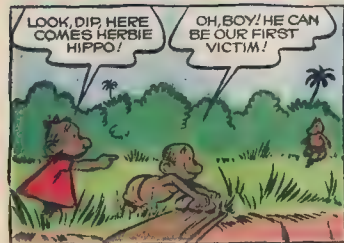
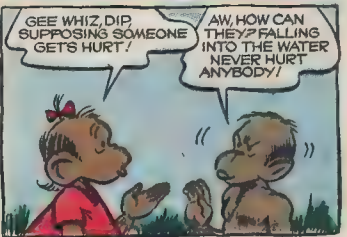
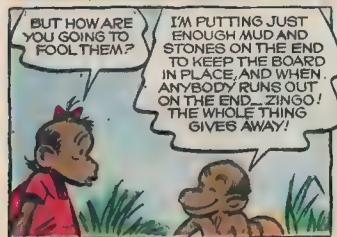
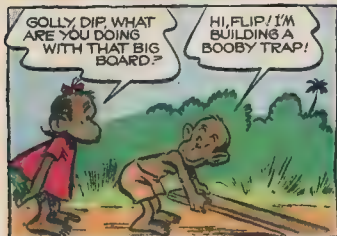
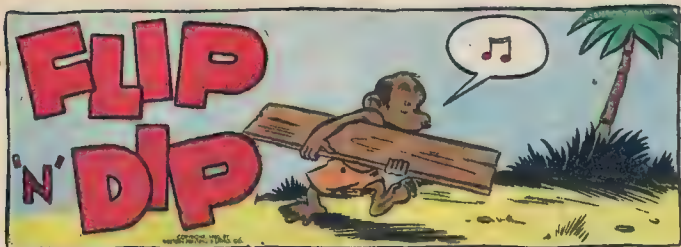
Early the next morning, seated on the shiny chrome sink, in the kitchen of a huge airliner, Jerry and Tuffy ate a hearty breakfast. One of the passengers had been most obliging about sending his snack-box back with half a sandwich and a whole piece of cake still untouched.

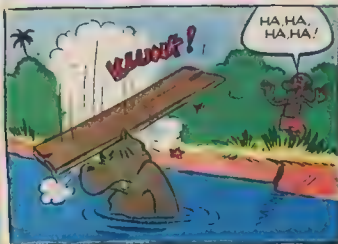
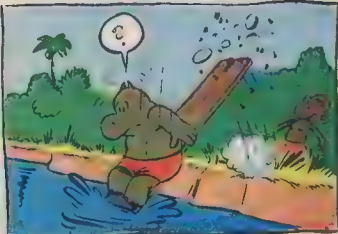
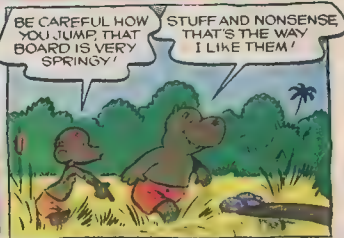
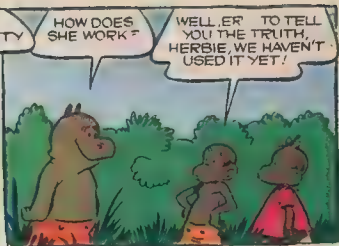
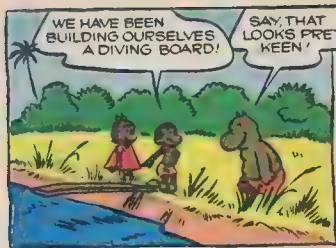
"We'll be landing any minute now!" announced Tuffy. "Come on, Jerry! We'll slip back through the crack in the door to the baggage compartment and get in our private section again! We'll be home very soon!"

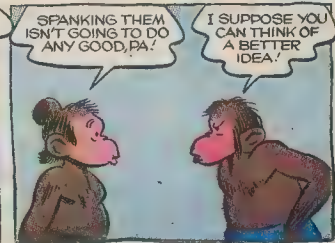
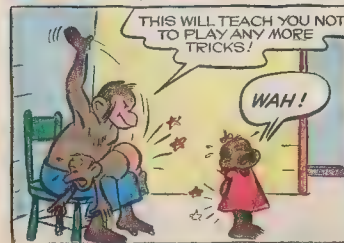
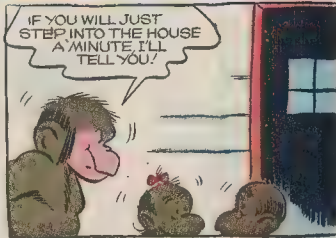
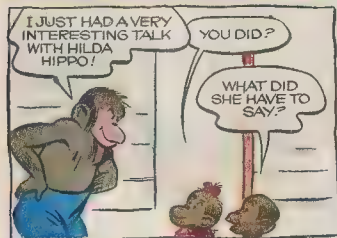
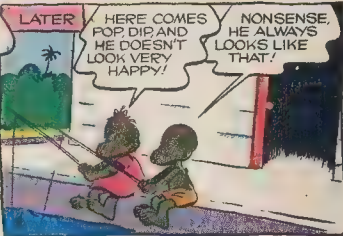
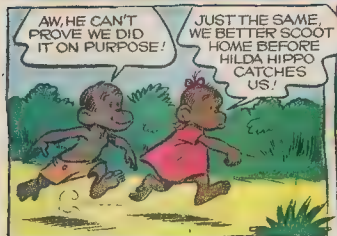
Jerry was delighted. "What a wonderful way to travel!" he squeaked. "But, Tuffy, how in the world did you manage it?"

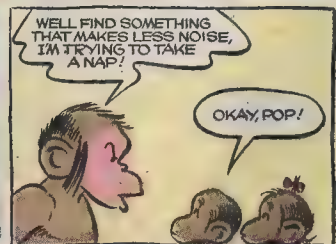
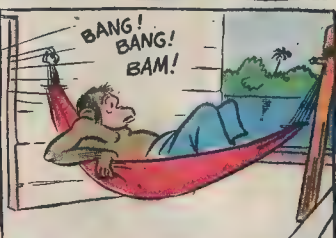
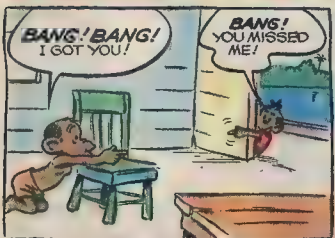
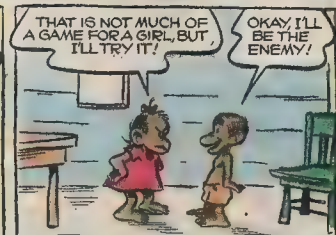
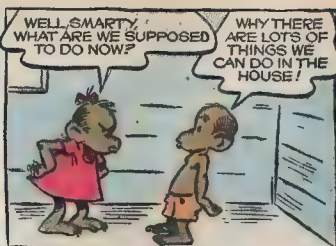
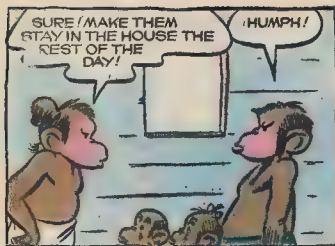
Tuffy led Jerry to the package. He pointed to the Air-mail, Special Delivery stamps on the side and to the "Fragile" signs he had applied around the printed address. "That's all, pal!" and then he laughed, ". . . Just remember . . . it only costs a few cents more to go First Class!"

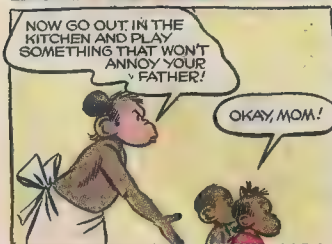
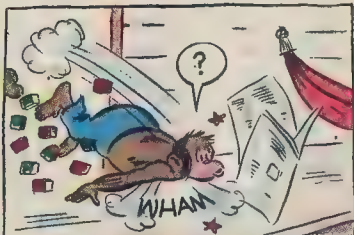
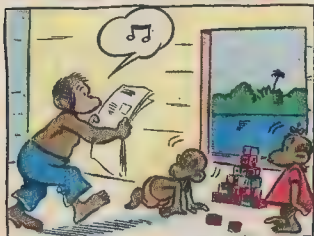
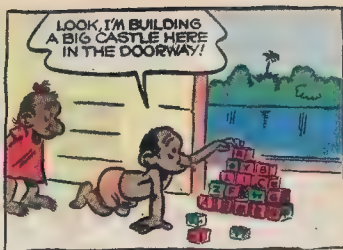
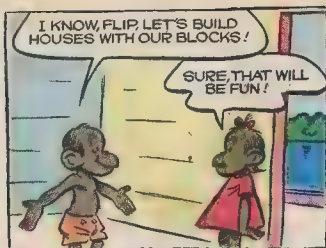


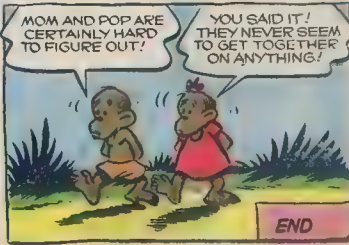
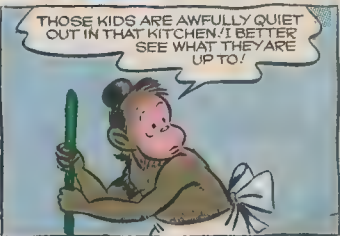
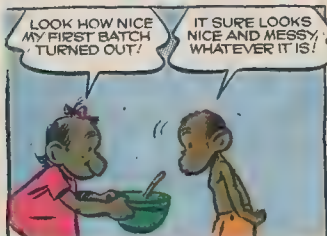


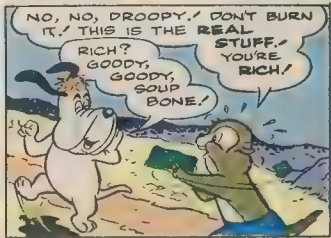
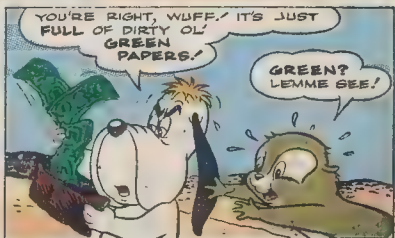
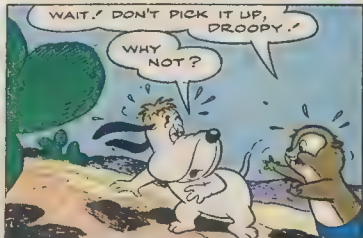
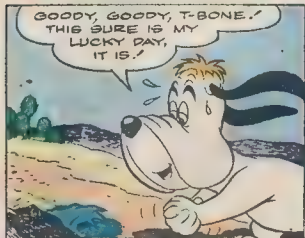
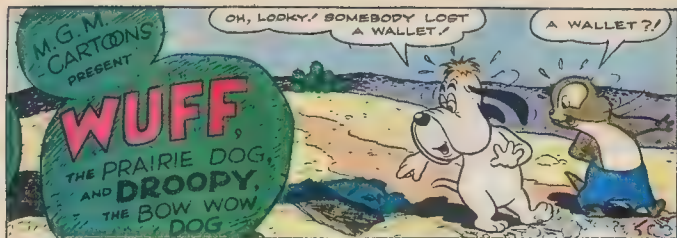


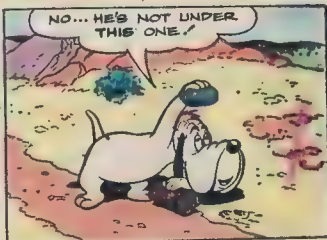
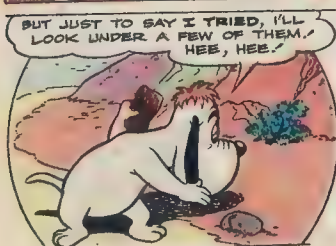
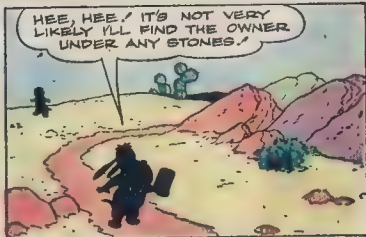
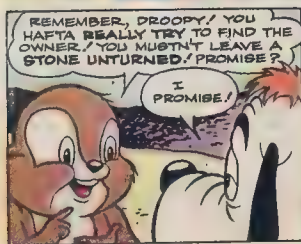
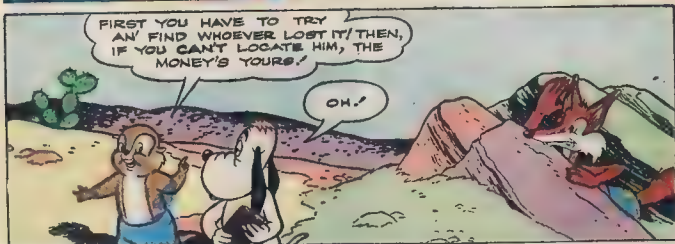
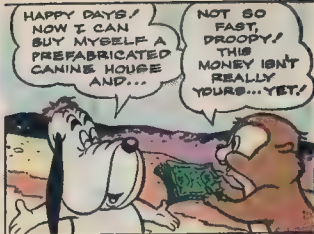
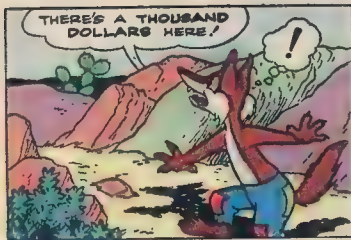


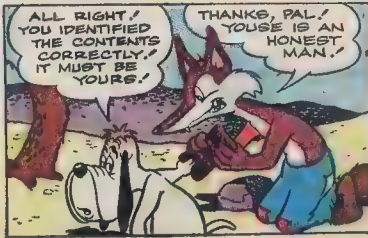
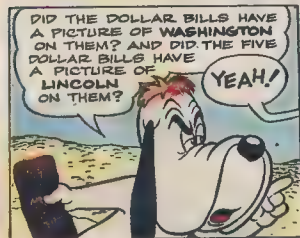
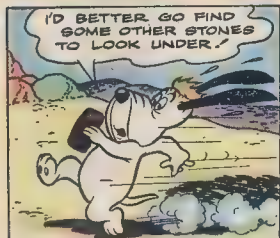


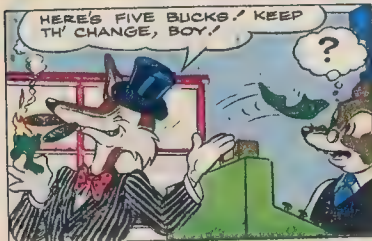
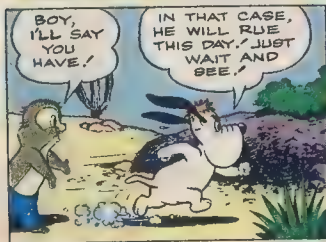
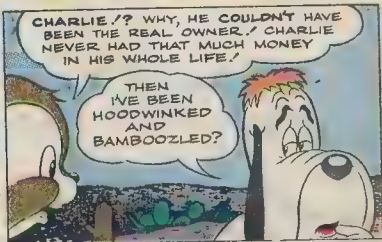
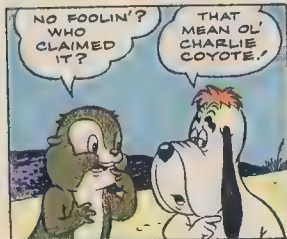
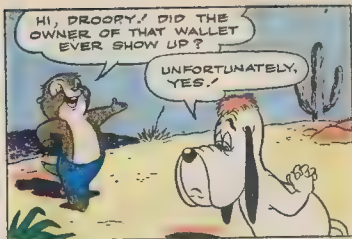
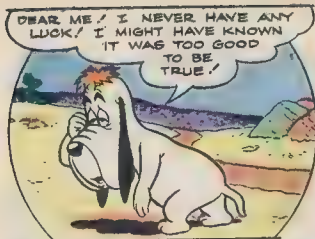


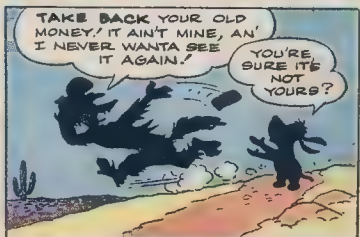
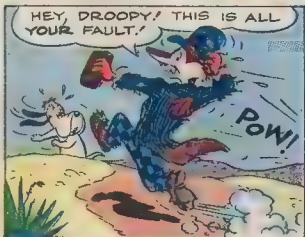
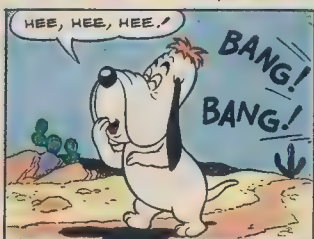
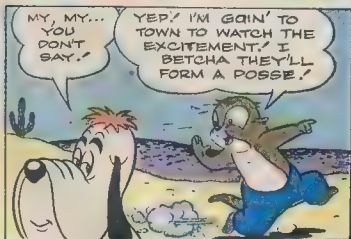
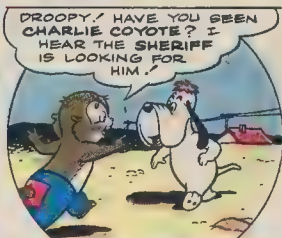
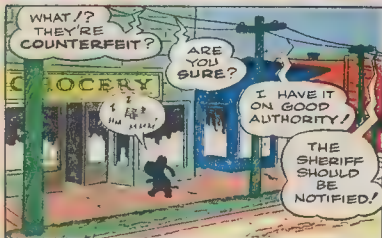


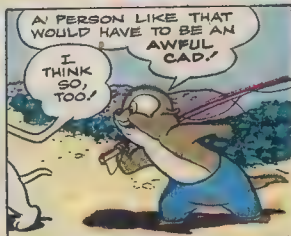
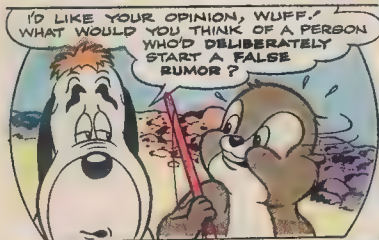
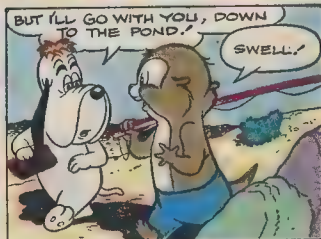
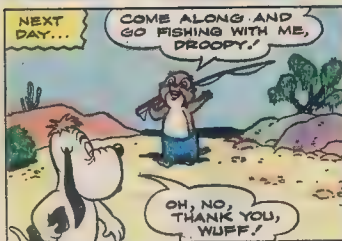
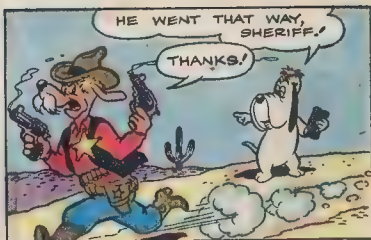












M.G.M. CARTOONS
present

BARNEY BEAR

I GOTTA GET TH' ROOF FIXED BEFORE TH' RAIN'S SET IN!

OH, GOLLY!
JUST WHEN I'M
GETTIN' SLEEPY!

YOU CAN HOIST TH' STUFF UP, BENNY!

YAWN!

OKAY! NOW TH' TAR PAPER!

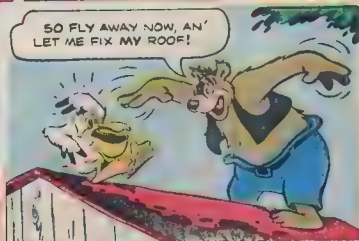
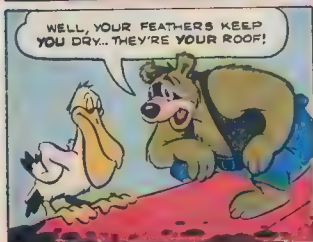
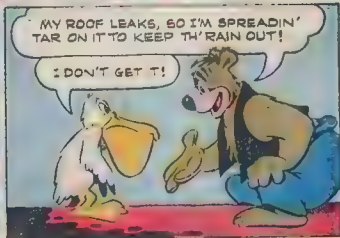
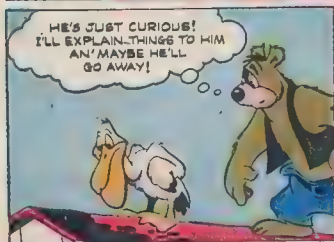
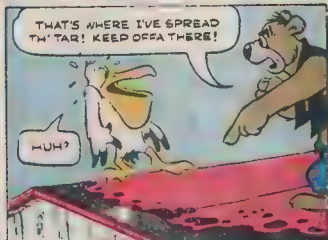
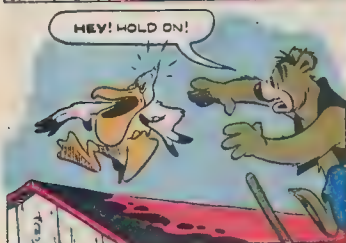
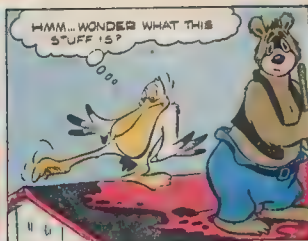
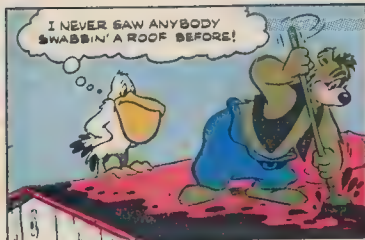
THAT'S ALL, BENNY!

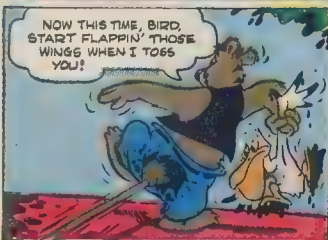
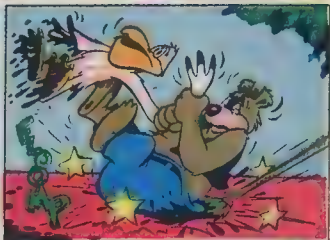
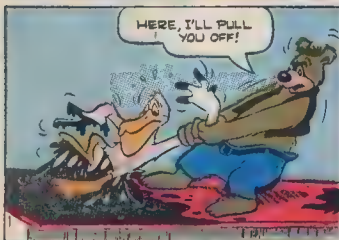
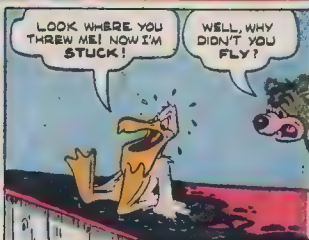
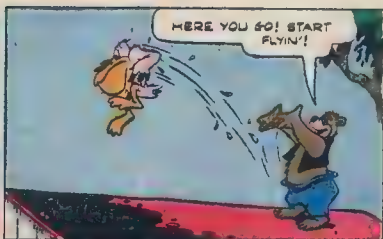
GOOD!
NOW I CAN
TAKE MY NAP!

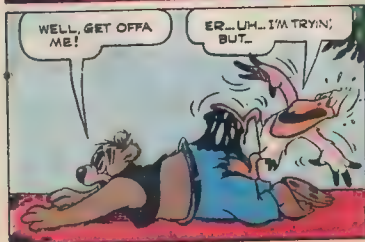
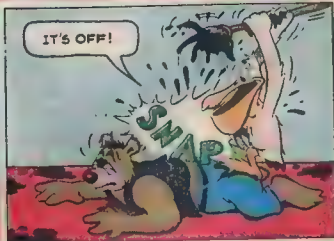
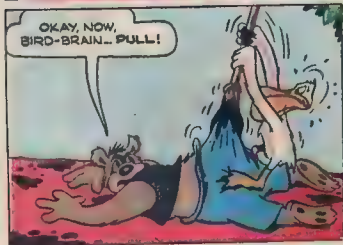
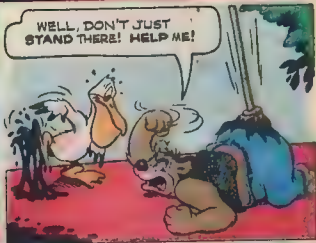
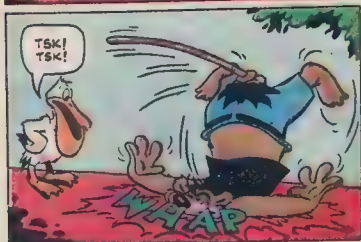
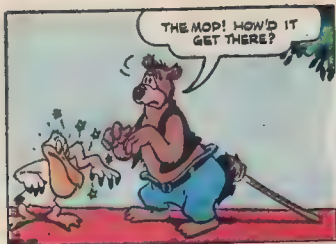
THERE'S NOTHING
LIKE TAR TO FIX A
ROOF!

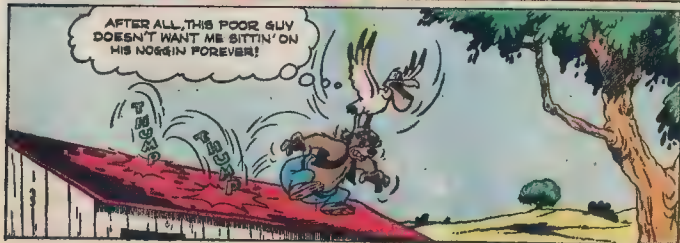
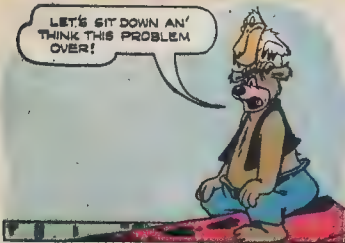
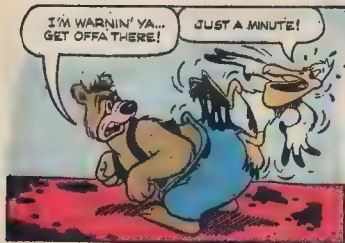
DUM
PA DEE
A BA
DUM

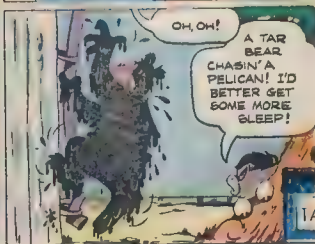
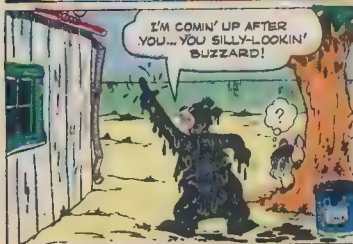
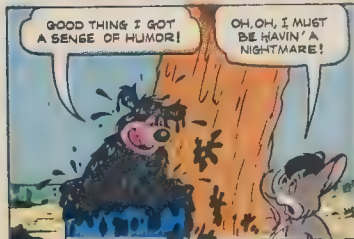
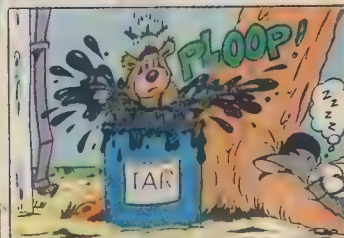
WELL, I'LL
BE SCUTTLED!

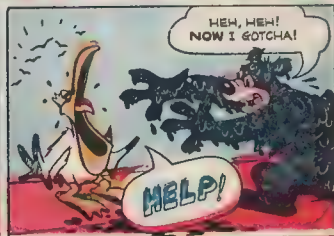
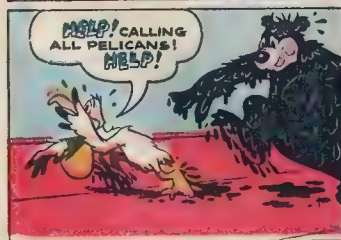
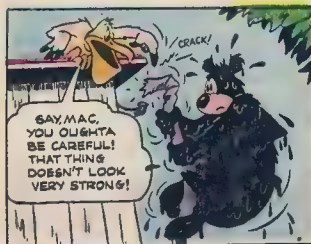


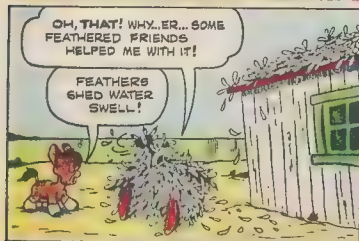
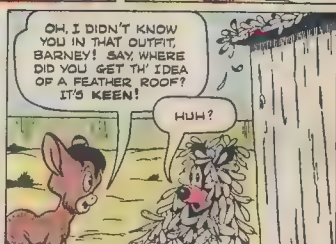
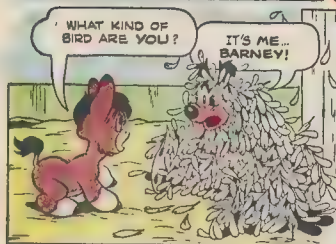
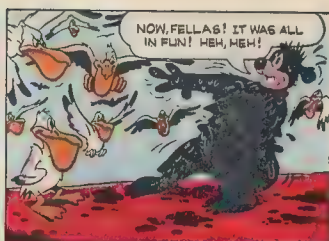
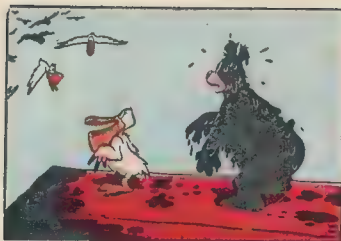












BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO appearing in M-G-M pictures

M.G.M. CARTOONS *present*

fuzzy and wuzzy

WOW! I'M HUNGRY
AS A BEAR!

ME, TOO!

WONDER WHERE UNCLE
BARNEY HID THE COOKIE
JAR THIS TIME?

THERE IT IS!
ON THE
TOP SHELF!

SNITCHIN' COOKIES ISN'T
SO EASY SINCE HE DECIDED
TO BREAK US OF THE HABIT!

CHUCKLE...

WELL, LET'S GET TH'
STEPLADDER!

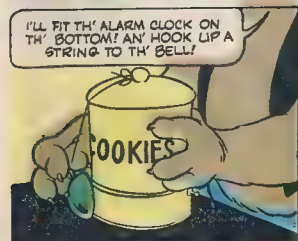
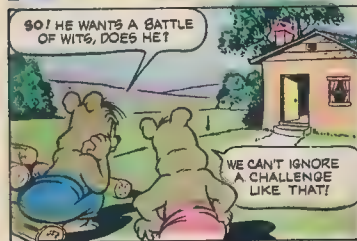
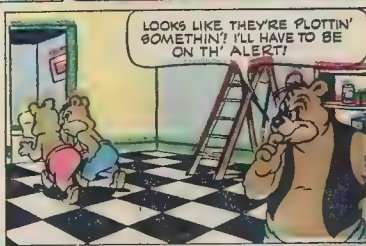
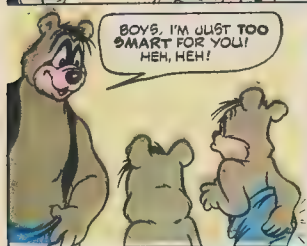
OKAY!

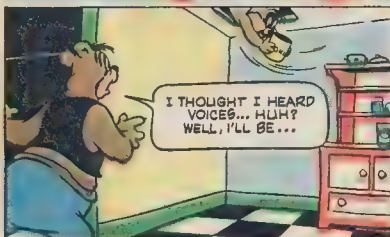
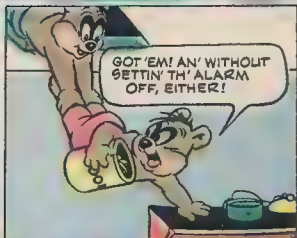
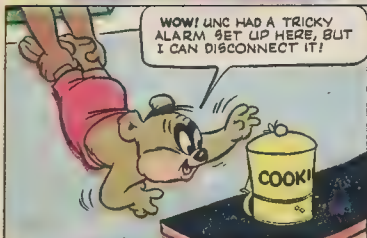
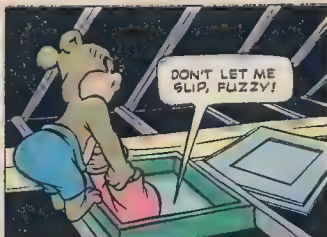
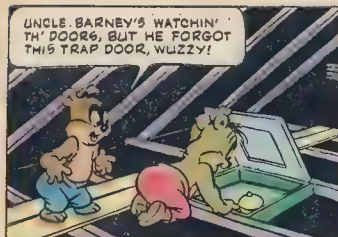
HE'S SURE TRYIN'
HARD TO MAKE GOOD
KIDS OUTA US!

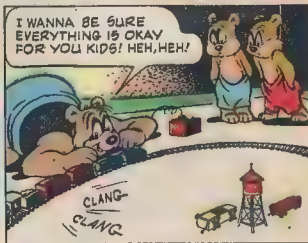
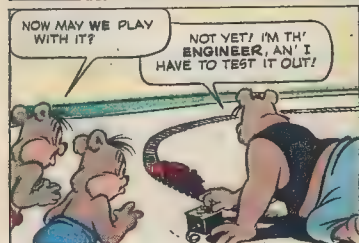
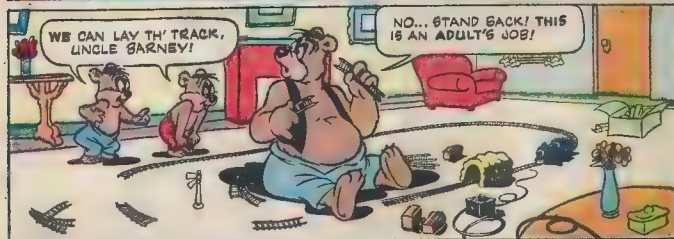
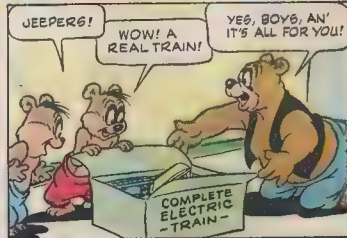
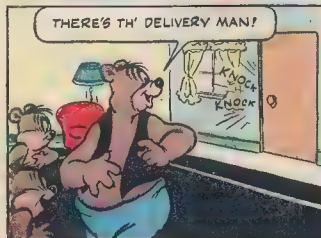
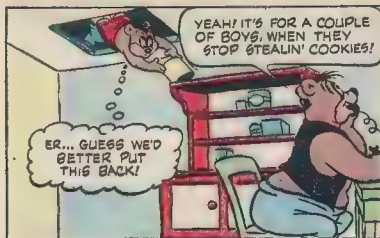
THIS IS GONNA
BE SOMETHIN'!

HEH, HEH!

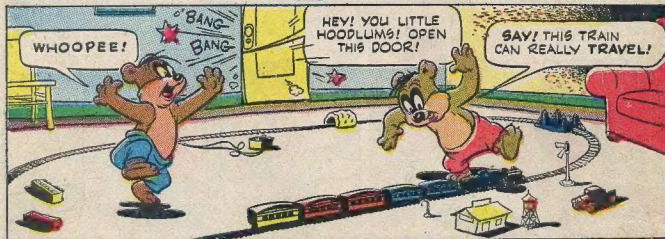
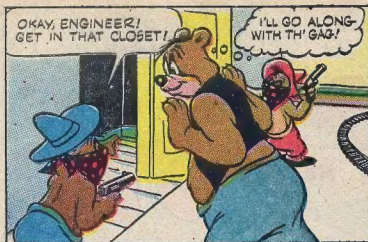
YEAH! HE DOESN'T
GIVE UP EASY!











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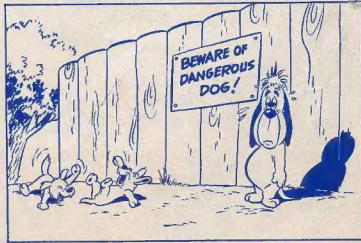
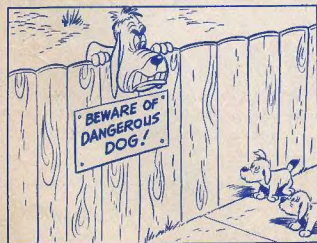
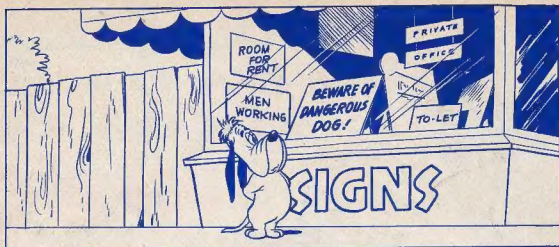
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